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INVOCATION
OF PEACE CELEBRATION
HYMN FOR THE
BRITISH PEOPLES



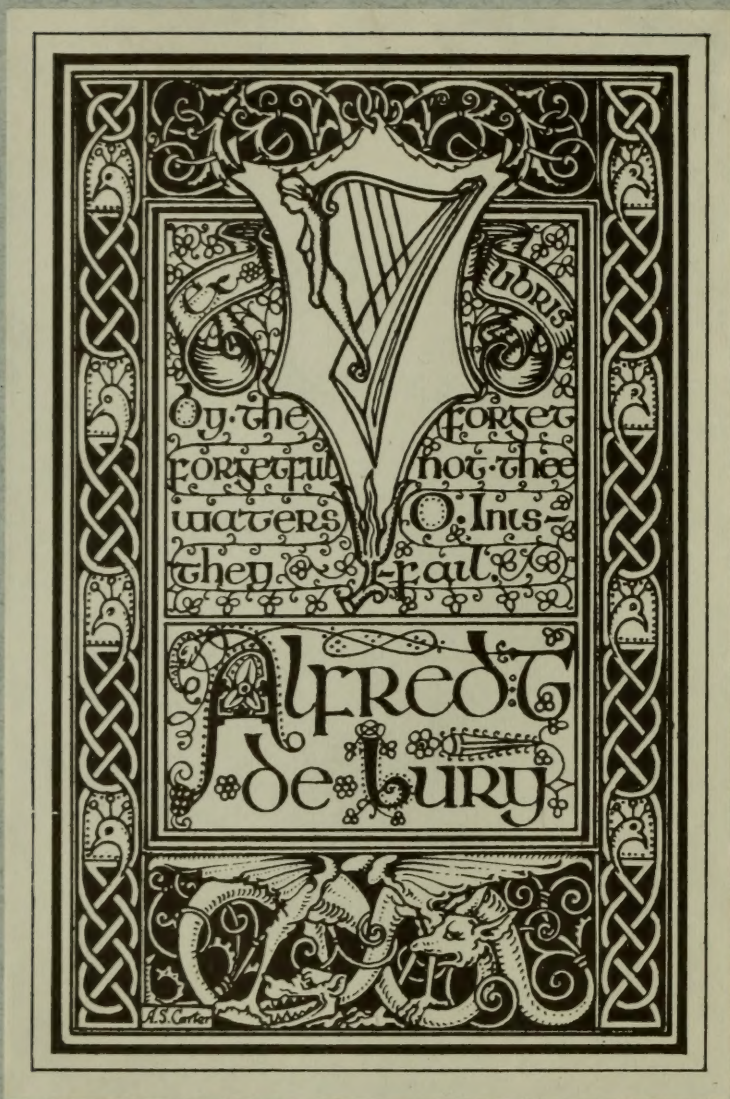
BY ROBERT NICHOLS



YEAR OF OUR LORD
JESUS CHRIST 1919

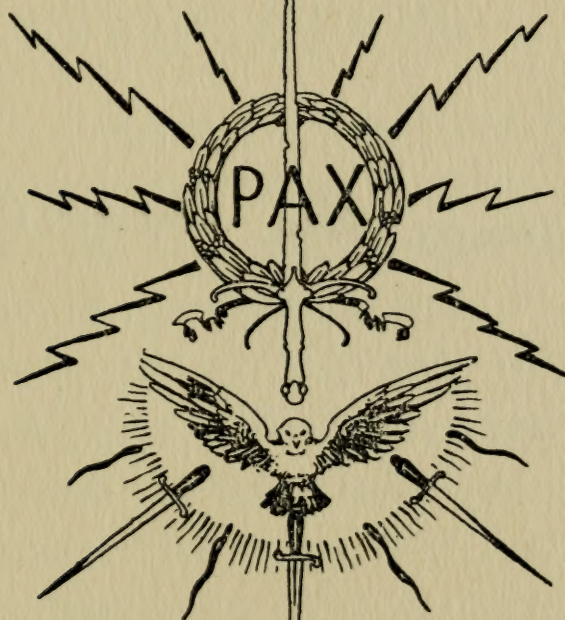


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PEACE CELEBRATION
INVOCATION AND HYMN

INVOCATION & PEACE CELEBRATION & HYMN FOR THE BRITISH PEOPLES



BY ROBERT NICHOLS



YEAR OF OUR LORD
JESUS CHRIST 1919



LONDON HENDERSONS 66 CHARING CROSS ROAD

' They cry "Peace"—but there is no peace.'

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PEACE CELEBRATION INVOCATION AND HYMN FOR THE BRITISH PEOPLE

INVOCATION

A HYMN, a hymn for these our joys!
Peace is here: where is Alfred Noyes?
Come swipe your lyre with proper stingo,
Great hoarse-maripneumatic jingo!
Where is he? Set up hue and cry
Flecker's dead, but Alfred does not die.
A rose by other names smells sweet.
We want noise. What name were more meet?
What, is he deaf?—he can't be dumb.
What! drowned in the brine-tub of his drum?
Alas! alas! what shall we do?
Must reddeners of the town look blue?
Nay, fie Hope: give not up the ghost,
Have we not yet the *Morning Post*?

Come, Mr. Colvin, if you please
A Hymn for Peace—and such a peace!
What? What? Is Mr. Colvin dull?
No. My good sir, his hands are full.
His left hand storms 'gainst revolution,
His right draws Ulster's constitution.
Alas! Alas! How we are vexed,
Where in the world shall we go next?
To the *Spectator*. Up! Awake ye!
Its muses nod and so does Strachey.
The *Mail*! but Northcliffe is away:
Ill in an airship? Who can say?
Quick to the *National's* office. Maxse!
Alas, he plies his battle-axe
So hard against the thin veneer
Of Conference wisdom he can't hear.
Alack! Alack! Where shall we go?
I have it—to Horatio.
He only can deal fit applause
To all and every subtler clause,
Save such encouragements to wrong
As where the President was strong.

He is our man. A foe to sect!
Ally of God! and His elect.
Exposer of grafting! Scourge of vice!
M.P.! and Bunker'd once or twice;
He only with trumpets and with drums
Can fitly hymn the Peace now comes.
Forward, Horatio of the name
Adds further grace to Nelson's fame,
Who milked the British lion of yore,
And now does teach the beast to roar,
Forward and set a lively pace,
Sound the *Te Deum* of a race
Which has endured fierce fire and shot
And turns to suffer—God knows what
On such a path as few have trod
With—'Mr. Bottomley and God.'
But Mr. Bottomley regrets
He's busy. (With Britain? bets or debts?)
Not he. The truth is he's employed
In keeping the Commons' morale buoyed.
Ah me! Seek, Hope, thy wonted shelf.
No hymn! Well, let me try myself:—

HYMN

PRAISE ye the Lord!—peace has descended,
Those who made money now can spend it,
And others find some fool to lend it.

Praise ye the Lord!—but first make sure
It is a peace that will endure :
Replace rapine by thieving pure.

But if—by chance—there should arise
The cry of youth's blood to the skies
Or of those war yet crucifies,

Organs of church (and press) release :
Praise God for the man-handled peace
Decide wars shall not quite yet cease.

And when such service due is done
By those that watched, not faced, a gun,
Let fools complete what knaves began—

Such loud and easy celebration
As fits a noble puissant nation
Bears war but not war's mitigation.

First—fittest!—let loud guns salute
The pure peace, that their mouths refute,
And all the dead—whose mouths are mute.

Then dance!—since many cannot walk;
Shoot fireworks!—for the blind won't mock;
Sing!—since the fighters will not talk;

Spend—where the pension's come or—spent;
Join hands!—in civil discontent;
Parade! th' occasion's innocent;

Wave flags—for which most have not bled;
Feast—since so many have no bread;
Peal merry bells—for all the dead;

“ Hip, Hip, Hurrah ! ” and if you please
Once more : *“ Hip! Hip ! ”* What days are
these

For Peace is dead ! Long live the Peace !

Peace Week, 1919.

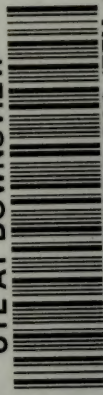
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